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THE
HUMOURS of the COURT:

OR,

Modern Gallantry.

A New BALLAD

O P E R A.

As it was intended to have been Perform'd
at one of the THEATRES.

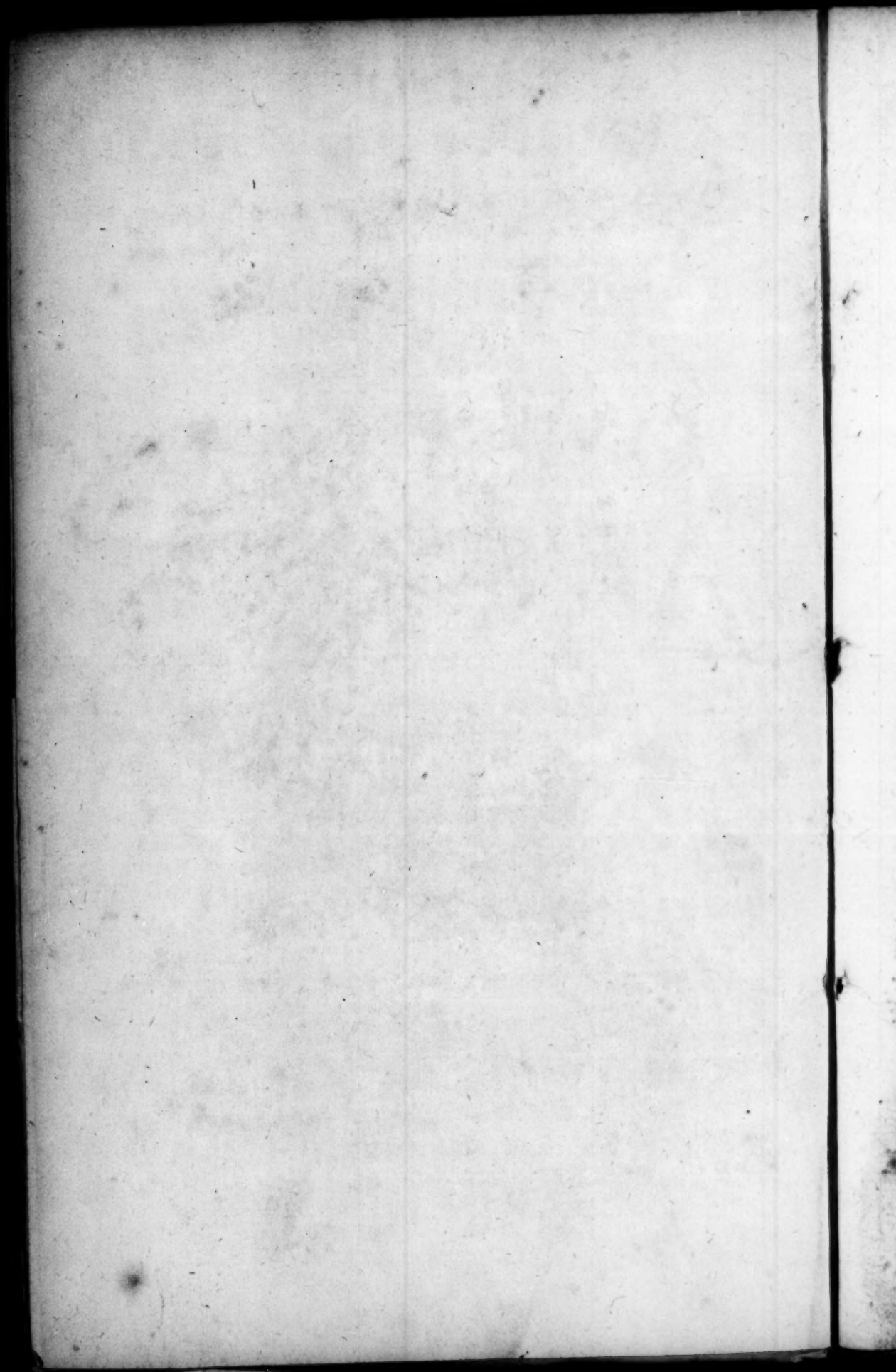


L O N D O N :

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(One Shilling and Six-pence.)





THE P R E F A C E.

A Preface is become so much the Fashion now a Days, that a Book looks as much in a *Disshabille* without it, as a Lady without Stays, tho' making an Estimate of the Value of any Piece by the Preface, is much the same as if any one should value a Watch by the Case, or a House by the Porch thro' which you enter it. However, as one had as good be out of the World as out of the Fashion, partly to comply with that, and partly with the Importunity of my Bookseller, who would not buy the Opera without it, I have condescended to say a few Words in Behalf thereof.

In the first Place, I declare, upon the Veracity of an Author, that it is not designed as a Satyr upon any one Person in particular; if there should be any general Strokes therein, which any body is fond of applying to himself, *Quid capit ille facit*, if he will say the Fool's Cap fits him, I think he must e'en wear it. In

the second Place, if any one expects to find any Politicks herein, he will be most mightily mistaken, Love and a Bottle being the only Subjects handled in this Piece; and as for those that can't find Diversion enough in handling either the one or the other of those Cases, may they be condemned all their Lives to do Penance in some of our Political Coffee-houses between *Temple-Bar* and *Aldgate*.

One Charm, however, this Performance has, which generally takes with every-body; I mean it is entirely new, and 'tis to be hoped, that either in the Dialogues, or the Songs, there will be something to please every Reader, at least 'twas my Design there should be something agreeable to every Palate; but if any one should be so difficult as to disappoint my Aim, he must impute it to his own Nicety.

Either a sort of Vanity inseparable from Authors, or that Affection which every Parent bears to his own Offspring, deceives me very much in Favour of this Piece, or there have been some represented this Season which have not been a Jot better, and yet have met with a tolerable Reception: Why my Babe of Grace should fare worse I know not; wherefore I resign it up to the Mercy of the Publick, and only desire it may meet with as good Quarter as its Fellows; that is to say, full as much, if not more, Favour than it deserves.

INTRO-



INTRODUCTION.

POET and PLAYER.

PLAYER.

GOOD Morrow, old Friend ;
how goes *Wit*, *Satyr*, and *Scandal*?

Poet. Why, as to *Wit*, faith 'tis scarce
enough in all Conscience ; but for the
two last, thank Good-nature, they are
pretty stirring Commodities ; were it
not for them, we Poets and Authors
might e'en go hang ourselves, or starve.

Player. That's bad ; but I suppose as
long as any thing moves, you will take
care neither to do the one nor the other.

Poet. Faith not if I can help it ; I nei-
ther love starving, nor dangling in a
Fool's Paradise between Heaven and
Hell

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Hell like a Sheepbiter ; for which Reason I have brought you a little Dramatical Performance, which, as Times go, may pass for a Masterpiece.

Player. As Times go ; why as Times go, any thing will go down that is dull and out of the way, provided you have good Seconds ; but if you have not good Seconds, nothing will go down be it ever so good.

Poet. Seconds, Sir ! what are they ? I never heard of them before.

Player. Why 'tis a new Way to make a Play run, tho' 'tis never so lame ; a sort of arbitrary Government lately introduced into the Theatre with pretty good Success.

Poet. Unless you explain yourself farther, I shall be as much in the Dark as I was before ; what are those Seconds ?

Player. Why if you distrust the Merits of your Performance, 'tis but getting a little Army of Friends into the Pit, with good oaken Towels, and long Swords, to make them look terrible, and let them clap you lustily, and no-body will dare hiss, for fear of being knock'd down.

Probatum

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Probatum est. But what is the Name of your Performance?

Poet. *The Humours of the Court: Or, Modern Gallantry.*

Player. The Title is pretty well, if the Piece is but as good.

Poet. I'll warrant it shall Pit, Box, and Gallery with any Play that has been acted this Season.

Player. That it may soon do, and be no Rarity neither; but come, I'll go in and give out the Parts, and then we shall see how it will do on a Rehearsal.



The

The PERSONS Represented.

M E N.

THEODORE, a Nobleman of the strictest Honour and Integrity, only given a little to Intrigue.

ADONIS, an amorous young Prince, in Love with *Vanessa*.

MARMILLIO, a Nobleman, Confidant to *Theodore*, an universal Lover.

ALDEMAR, a gay young Rover of Quality, formerly Favourite with *Vanessa*.

HAMILCAR, a dapper young Lord, suppos'd to be married to a rich Heiress.

ADRASTUS, Husband to *Ismonda*.

Capr. **MODISH**, a rakish Officer, with a good Assurance, Confidant to *Adonis*.

IMPOTENTIO, a Gentleman lying under an Incapacity of Procreation.

THRASIMOND, a Nobleman of the first Rank.

ALCAMENES, a Nobleman, Father to *Helena*.

CLEARCUS, a private Gentleman.

GULIMO.

RICARDO, } Surgeons concern'd in examining *Impotentio*.

IDOMEUS, }

Witnesses for *Helena* in her Law Suit with her Husband *Impotentio*.

W O M E N.

ISMONDA, Wife to *Adrastus*, and Favourite to *Theodore*.

EURIDICE, a Lady of Quality, in love with *Theodore*.

VANESSA, a gay young Lady, with Child by *Adonis*.

ARIADNE, a rich Heiress, and a great votary of *Bacchus*, suppos'd to be married to *Hamilcar*.

ARILLA, Mistress to *Marmillio*.

MORANTIA, Rival to *Vanessa* in her Amours with *Adonis*.

HELENA, Wife to *Impotentio*, with whom she is at Variance for his Insufficiency.

VIOLANTE, an elderly Lady of Quality, Witness on the Part of *Helena*.

FLORINDA, Mother to *Impotentio*, and a Witness for him.

FLIPPANTA,

JACINTA, } Midwives concern'd in examining *Helena*,

BEATRICE, }

Servants, Attendants, &c.

SCENE an Apartment in the Lodgings of *Adonis*.




THE
HUMOURS of the COURT:
OR,
Modern Gallantry.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter ADONIS and MODISH.

Adonis.

 F all the Beauties that adorn the Court, *Vanessa* is incomparably fairest ; I burn with raging Passion for that Charmer, nor will my Soul have Rest 'till I've enjoy'd her ; set then thy Wits at work, dear *Modish*, for me, and find some Way to make me happy in her.

B

Modish.

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Modish. I fear, my Lord, all my Art will be vain, for much am I mistaken, or that Fair One both loves and is beloved by *Aldemar*.

Adon. Death to my Hopes, a Rival and beloved, how shall I bear the Thought! But say, dear *Modish*, whence got you this Intelligence?

Mod. 'Tis publickly reported about Court, nor do I see much Reason to dispute it; for *Aldemar*, is every Way so accomplish'd, there are not many Ladies wou'd refuse him.

Adon. If that be all your Grounds for this Report, I have some Hopes it may be false: However, be that as it may, have her I must and will.

Mod. All that is in my Power, my Lord, you may depend on to assist you, and if you can stoop to come after *Aldemar*, we may, perhaps, surmount all other Difficulties.

Adon. I'll stoop to any Thing to gain *Vanessa*, rather than not enjoy her; therefore, dear *Modish*, leave no Stone unturn'd to make me soon the Master of my Wishes; I'm all on Fire to clasp her in my Arms, and smother her with Kisses; whilst she resistle's lying kindles at the Bliss, and meets with equal Fire the coming Joy.

Mod. But say, my Lord, is she as yet acquainted with your Passion, and how did she receive it?

Adon. At first she seem'd surpriz'd and blush'd, then told me, she knew me and herself too well, to dare encourage such a hopeless Flame. Since then she shuns me upon all Occasions, which makes

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makes me stand in need of thy Assistance ; for Oh ! Thou knowest the Eyes that are upon me permit me not to follow common Measures. Fly then, my *Modish*, fly unto the Fair, solicit, pray, or promise any Thing ; I'll more than ratify what e'er thou promisest to gain her.

Mod. I'll spare no Pains, my Lord, to do you Service ; and if the Fair has any of the Foibles of her Sex, I hope my Efforts will not be in vain.

Adon. No, fear not *Modish*, there are few Women whom Importunity and Gold wont conquer, unless they've an Aversion to the Person of the Lover, and neither of them shall be wanting here.

S O N G I.

Tune, A Begging we will go, &c.

*Wou'd you the fair One gain,
With Courage her pursue ;
With Widows, Wives, and Maids that is
The only Way to wooe.
When a Courting you do go, do go, do go, when a
Courting you do go.*

*With Oaths and Flatt'ry try them,
And if that won't prevail,
With Gold you next must ply them,
For that will never fail.
When a Courting you do go, &c.*

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

Enter Ismonda and Marmillio.

Mar. Having had the Honour, Madam, to receive your Commands this Morning, in a Note from your fair Hands, I thought it proper to show by my Haste to obey you, how much I was transported at the unexpected Favour.

Ismon. We all know, my Lord, that you're a Courtier, but that is not the Qualification which I want at present, I want a faithful Friend and Councillor; and I flatter myself with Hopes to find them both in you.

Mar. You do me too much Honour, Madam; but which Way can I serve your Ladyship, and I will strive by my Zeal to merit the favourable Opinion you have been pleas'd to entertain of me?

Ismon. Had I not thought you indued, my Lord, with all the good Qualities which I cou'd wish for, in the Man whom I wou'd make my Friend, I had not chosen you for that Office at this Juncture when most I need one, all farther Protestations are therefore needless: But to the Point for which I desir'd your Company. Oh! *Marmillio*, I fear I am undone, lost, ruin'd and undone for ever.

Mar. Forbid it Heaven! But say, from whence your Fear?

Ismon. Forsaken; in that one Word, read my forlorn Condition, and tell me, am I not completely wretched? The haughty Man, for whose
lov'd

lov'd Sake, I've forfeited my Honour, together with all Title to my Husband's Love, now leaves me unregarded to my Griefs, whilst all his Vows are offer'd to *Euridice*, and I'm no more remember'd.

Mar. Who, *Theodore*?

Ismon. The same, who else is worth my Care?

Mar. Madam, believe it not, 'tis all Imposture; 'tis impossible the Man who has been once blest in *Ismonda's* Arms, shou'd ever stray from her to any other: You know not, Madam, the Force of your own Charms.

Ismon. Why, I myself was Witness to his Falshood; I saw their meeting Eyes dart such Glances at each other, as none but those that love can understand, and seem'd to say, *Were we alone we would do more than look.* Then seeing me he started with Confusion, pretended a sudden Head-Ach, and soon after took his Leave.

Mar. Appearances are, I must own, against you; I am even willing to believe that *Theodore* may have felt some wand'ring Desires for *Euridice*, and that she may have been consenting to his Wishes; what then, how are you ruin'd?

Ismon. O Heavens! Do you ask? Am not I forsaken and abandon'd? Hell is in the Thought.

Mar. Abandon'd! No, far from it; you wrong yourself to entertain that Thought; some sudden Start of Fancy may indeed have given Birth to the Desire of *Enjoyment*, which when satisfied, the Wanderer will return to your Embraces with redoubled Ardour. *Euridice* may perhaps kindle a transient Flame in the
great

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great *Theodore*, but never can create a lasting Passion in a Breast, that has been happy in *Ismonda's* Love.

Ismon. Oh! *Marmillio*, that is Flattery all, but that's not what I want, I want Advice: Tell me, my Lord, how to reclaim my Rover, and call back *Theodore* to these longing Arms, and I shall be eternally your Debtor.

Mar. Madam, might I advise, it shou'd be this: Let not *Theodore* suspect that you have taken the least Umbrage at his Intrigue with *Euridice*, conceal, with the utmost Care, your Jealousy upon that Head; for should it once break out, even in the softest Terms, he will be ever on his Guard, and Caution breeds Disgust, which may make him guilty hereafter of much greater Excursions than you now think he is. By concealing your Suspicions, you leave the Way open for the Rover to return; when by avowing them and reproaching him therewith, you would shut it for ever against all Hopes of a Reconciliation.

Ismon. I own, my Lord, the Truth of what you urge, nor can deny but that I have observ'd, and even blam'd Reproaches in the Case of declining Affection, which only tend to widen, not close the Breach; but, alas! My Lord, I was not then a Lover, nor knew what 'twas to be abandon'd and forsaken. However, I will try to make my Passion subservient to my Reason, and dissemble my Knowledge of his Falseness.

Mar. I believe, Madam, you will find that to be your best Remedy.

SONG

SONG II.

Tune, Farewel my lovely Charmer, &c.

*Wou'd you reclaim a Rover,
Be rul'd by my Advice ;
All Jealousy give over,
Dissemble and be wise.
Good Usage may recover,
And bring him back again ;
But to recall a Lover,
Reproaches are in vain.*

Ifmon. I am entirely of the same Opinion, my Lord ; wherefore I thank you for your good Counsel, and beg you would continue your kind Offices in my Behalf with *Theodore* ; and if ever I recover my lost Empire over his Heart, you may depend upon all the Acknowledgment that lies in my Power.

Mar. Your Ladyship may always command them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Vanessa follow'd by Modish.

Van. 'Tis strange, Mr. *Modish*, I must be perpetually haunted by you, pray what have you seen in me to give Encouragement to such Behaviour.

Mod.

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Mod. Madam, Madam, you fly me in vain, you must and shall hear me ; 'tis a Lover, a despairing Lover's Cause I plead, and such a Lover, as must and will have Audience ; therefore no Denials, but dress your Eyes up in their brightest Lustre, and give such Welcome as my News deserves ; I bring the Offers of a Princely Lover, such Offers are not met with every Day ; receive them as you ought, and seize a Bliss, the Haughtiest of your Sex would meet with transport : I mean the great *Adonis*.

Van. It may be so, Sir, but I'm not ambitious.

Mod. How, Madam, not ambitious, and a Courtier, that's a Miracle !

Van. Why a Miracle, good Captain, what are the Joys which curst Ambition yields ? To live surrounded with perpetual Fears of Enemies who daily plot your Ruin. Give me, kind Heavens, an humble peaceful Lot, and willingly I wou'd resign all Grandeur, if I must needs be Wretched to be Great.

Mod. Away with all such dry and musty Notions ; Why, you was born both to be Great and Happy, and Wretchedness and You can never meet. The great *Adonis* waits at once to bless you with Love and Grandeur.

Van. Flatter me not with Hopes of such a Bliss ; that Princely Youth and I can never meet as Lovers ; Fate has put such Bars between us as are not to be moved ; nor can I e'er be his, but upon Terms so shameful, as I much blush to think on.

[Sighs.]

Mod. Ha ! If that be all she stands upon, that is soon got over, and I shall meet less Difficulty
than

than I apprehended in bringing her to my Lure.

[*Aside.*
On shameful Terms, Madam? Can any Thing be shameful with a Prince? Don't you consider that a Prince's Name gives a Sanction to every Thing? Why, who the Deuce would think that you had ever seen the Court? One wou'd think you were lately come from the Mountains of *Wales*, ha, ha, ha.

Van. For all your Laughing, Captain, you will not easily perswade me to be of your Opinion; why you talk as if there was no such Thing as Virtue, Modesty, or Honour in the World.

Mod. Virtue, Modesty, and Honour, I must own, are pretty Things to talk on, and sound very well in one's Mouth; but for the Practice of them, 'tis almost as much out of Fashion as Sincerity amongst Courtiers, and altogether as unprofitable. No, no, let a Woman talk of them as much as she pleases, but as for the rest, if she does but behave herself discreetly, and avoid Scandal, 'tis no Matter how little she Practices.

Van. This is very pretty Doctrine which you teach, Mr. *Modish*; however, I am glad that you allow 'tis necessary to act with Discretion, and avoid Scandal, for I am sure neither of those is to be done in an Affair with *Adonis*: Wherefore, I hope you will urge it no more to me.

Mod. 'Gad, she's in the right, I went a little too far there; however, I shall recover all yet.

[*Aside.*
Alas! Madam, there is no general Rule without an Exception. I told you before that the
C Name

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Name of a Prince gives a Sanction to every Thing. Besides, a Prince's Mistress is above Scandal.

Van. 'Tis true, very few will venture to abuse a Prince's Mistress to her Face, but who can tie their Tongues behind one's Back? A Prince's Mistress has no more Security against malicious Tongues, than another Person.

Mod. Why, really Madam, it is a Sort of Tax upon Merit to be subject to Envy and malicious Tongues. Why you see even Sir *Bluestring* can't avoid it, with all his Power; however, you see he is very willing to bear the one, provided he can but maintain himself in the other. In the same Manner when you are possess'd of Prince *Adonis*, 'tis very probable that all the Ladies will envy you and speak ill of you; which, in my Opinion, ought only to provoke your Laughter, and not to hinder you one Moment from accepting the Offer of his Love.

Van. I can't deny but that the Prince's Love is what might tempt the proudest of my Sex, were not the Terms on which alone it is to be obtain'd, shocking to any one that has been bred with Honour.

Mod. I grant it, Madam, were it not a Prince; but with a Prince no Honour's to be lost; Honour and Pleasure both wait your Acceptance; shou'd you refuse them and see the flighted Prince offer his Vows to any other Fair, how would you, when too late, blame your own Folly!

S O N G

SONG III.

Tune, To the Hundreds of Drury I write, &c.

*Then seize on the Bliss whilst you may,
And make sure both of Love and Promotion;
For you'll find with the Frolick and Gay,
That Honour's nought but a meer Notion.
Tol, lol, derol.*

*The Prude who brags of it most,
And Vows she'll ne'er yield to Intreaties,
You'll find is as loose as the Toast,
When once she between Holland Sheets is.
Tol, lol, derol.*

*Then Fair one no longer be Coy,
But open your Arms to the Blessing;
For you'll say when you once taste the Joy,
There's no Pleasure like to Possessing.
Tol, lol, derol.*

*Whilst Young and fit for Delight
Give a loose to Enjoyment and Pleasure,
And believe me you'll bless the kind Night,
When first you lost your Virgin Treasure.
Tol, lol, derol.*

Van. It may be so, Captain, but if I shou'd not; I must say, to do you Justice, that it will be none of your Fault; but pray, *Mr. Modish*, how long have you arriv'd at this Preferment? How long have you been one of *Cupid's* Messengers? I thought you had been wholly devoted to *Mars*.

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Mod. 'Egad, Madam, *Mars* and *Venus* were very well acquainted, or else She is damnably bely'd; and after the Fatigues of a hard Campaign, there can't, in my Mind, be a prettier Amusement than beating up a Lady's Quarters, or storming a pretty Maiden's Fort, tho' we are sure to come off by the worst on't.

Van. At least Captain, if there is not quite so much Honour to be gain'd by't, you are sure there is not near so much Danger; and as for Honour, I think you don't stand much upon that: That's but a meer Notion with you, as your Song said just now.

Mod. Well, Madam, for all your Rallery, I wish I could perswade you to be so much a Friend to your self as to think so too; you'd find your Advantage in it.

Van. Whether I do or no, Captain, you shan't lose your Reward, for I'll let the Prince know you have done your Endeavours: You have spared no Pains to make me a Profelyte, I'll say that for you.

Exit Vanessa.

Modish Solus.

Go thy Ways for a true Woman, that is to say a Riddle; now what am I to think of my Success? For my Part, as much as I know of the Sex, I Fancy the Prince will have no Reason to despair, if he will but put her to it the first Opportunity: At most, 'tis but asking Pardon afterwards, and laying the blame upon the Violence of his Love, and I warrant the kind Creature will forgive him: A little agreeable Force when

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when one has a proper Opportunity, saves abundance of Blushes, and a great deal of Ceremony.

Exit Modish.

SCENE IV. *A rich Apartment in Ariadne's House.*

Enter Hamilcar and Ariadne.

Ariad. Henceforth let every Hour be given to Love and Joy, since I have thee, the Sum of all my Wishes; for now, my Lord, all Fears and Dreads are over, possessing you, I've all that I desire.

Ham. Truce with your Raptures, Madam, 'till Time shall let you see how I deserve them, tho', by my Soul, were it to do again, thy generous Heart's a greater Charm to me, than the most tempting Face our Court can boast. I hate the Puny, Whining, Green-Sickness Girl, whose Baby is almost as desirable Company as herself: No, no, if I must be confin'd to one for Life, as almost all Men are sooner or later, give me the brisk generous She who's above the ceremonious Foibles of her Sex, and is as good a Companion over a Bottle as in Bed: To sum up all in one Word, give me *Ariadne*.

Ariad. Spoke like your self, my Lord, like the only Man that could have won my Heart; wherefore, since Life is very precarious, and we are only sure of those Moments which we enjoy, let us lose no Time, but improve every Minute: What think you, my Lord, will a Bottle of *Nants* be amiss?

Ham.

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Ham. Not at all my Charmer, we'll have it instantly ; [Rings a Bell.]

Enter a Servant.

Here, you, bid the Butler send a Bottle of the best *Nants*.

Ser. It shall be done my Lord. [Exit Servant.]

Re-enters with Bottle and Glasses.

Ham. Fill out. [To the Servant.] Come my *Ariadne*, to our better Acquaintance ; may every Day and Night renew our Joys, and *Bacchus* still lend fresh Supplies to *Venus*. [Drinks and sings.]

S O N G I V .

Tune of, How blest is a Soldier, &c.

*How blest is a Husband when well paid to rove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle to Love ?
In Bed or at Table, inspir'd by these Charms,
[Holding up the Glass.]
He Fights and he Conquers, or Dies in your Arms.*

Ariad. Admirably well sung, my Lord ; it is an Excellency which I knew not you possess'd : Here, Sirrah, fill me a Glass. [To the Servant.] Come, my Lord, tho' Singing is not my Talent I will endeavour to do you Justice.

[Drinks and sings.]

S O N G

SONG V.

Tune, Through all the Employments of Life, &c.

*A Pox on all Politick Fools,
Who about State Affairs keep a Potber ;
Whilst they are but a Pack of meer Tools,
To help Statesmen to ride one another.
Give me but a Bottle and Glass,
With a Friend that is honest and brave,
In Joy the dull Hours we'll pass
Till Death calls us into the Grave.*

Ham. You said you could not sing, Madam,
but I think you play your Part to a Miracle.

Ariad. I am glad you think so, my Lord, for
to please you is my utmost Ambition.

Ham. Always obliging, my lov'd *Ariadne*.

*Had Crete's Ariadne had but half thy Charms,
Theseus had ne'er left her to Bacchus' Arms.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Aldemar and Vanessa.

Van. A Visit from Lord *Aldemar* is such a Favour
as poor *Vanessa* cou'd not now have hop'd
for.

Ald. Rather say, to find *Vanessa* without
Company is such a Miracle as was not to be
expected.

Van.

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Van. Forsaken as I am, my Lord, by you, I am not so, thank Heaven, by all the World.

Ald. I know it, fair Inconstant, and for that Reason am come to congratulate you on your new Conquest.

Van. Explain yourself, my Lord, you talk in Riddles.

Ald. Why, think you 'tis a Secret? No, my Fairest, nor need you be asham'd of your illustrious Captive.

Van. Alas! My Lord, you little know my Heart, if you imagine Ambition has any Share there; not but I own the Heart of great *Adonis* is a Trophy might grace the Fairest of my Sex.

Ald. True, my *Vanessa*, nor would I have you slight his Offers; a Prince's Mistress is an envied Post, and you have many Rivals, who gladly would supplant you in the Favour of *Adonis*.

Van. Ah! My Lord, if still you lov'd, you would not thus advise me, nor would another, slighted like me, have waited your Permission to receive a Prince as her Adorer.

Ald. Tho' I don't feel the same unruly Transports as when I first enjoy'd the fair *Vanessa*, believe me I still love, and ever shall esteem her; but it would ill become my Friendship for her, to offer to oppose her yielding to *Adonis*, since thereby her Fortune will be made for ever.

Van. 'Tis very well, my Lord, I'll take your Counsel, and not refuse a Prince for an ungrateful Man that can resign me with so much indifference.

S O N G

SONG VI.

Tune, Gently touch the warbling Lyre.

*Welcome Adonis to my Arms,
No longer I'll deny my Charms ;
Enjoy the Bliss you long have sought,
Ambition now fills every Thought ;
To all fond Love I bid adieu
And Int'rest only will pursue.*

[Exit Vanessa.

Aldemar solus.

Well, go thy Ways, next to enjoying a new Mistress, the greatest Pleasure is to get rid of an old one ; I am very glad she takes it so patiently, for I wish her very well ; and to say the Truth, the Girl has excellent Things in her ; but *Arilla* and *Morantia* now take up all my Thoughts. I must have one, or both of them, if possible ; ha ! Talk of the Devil and his Imps appear.

Enter Arilla.

Faith, my Dear, 'twas kindly done of you to come and keep one Company when one is forsaken.

Aril. Methinks your Lordship is very familiar ; but pray who is it that is so cruel to forsake Lord *Aldemar* ? I think you look pretty well of a forsaken Lover.

D

Ald.

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Ald. Why, faith, Madam, I know nothing is got now a Days by pining and whining, wherefore I do my best to keep up my Courage ; I hope if one goes another will come ; 'twould be a great Pity to see a young Man of Five and Twenty die for Love.

Aril. In my Conscience, my Lord, so it would, but I believe that will never be your Fate.

Ald. Faith, Child, not if I can help it ; wherefore, as I have a whole Heart now to spare, I wish you would be so kind as to accept of it.

Aril. Really, my Lord, if I should, I fancy it would soon break its Prison, and fly to another ; and therefore I think I had best keep as I am ; for, in my Opinion, nothing looks so foolish as a Woman when her Lover has forsaken her. Besides, I have not the Vanity to imagine that the Man who could not keep constant to *Vanessa* will ever prove so to me. Poor young Lady, I pity her, for loving such a Rover.

Ald. Pity her, Child ! 'Gad, take care what you say, I'll assure you she wants none of your Pity, she is Meat for my Master.

Aril. Can you blame her, my Lord, would not any Woman, that has lost one Lover, be glad to accept of another ? And especially such a Lover ?

Ald. Why ay, there's the Thing that takes with your Sex, such a Lover : Why do you think a Prince is a better Lover than a private Man ? No, on my Conscience, a strong brawny-back'd Porter in Love Affairs is as good as the best Prince in *Christendom*.

Aril.

Aril. Fie, my Lord, how you talk, as if there was nothing in Loving but lying together?

Ald. Why really, Child, I believe that is the main Part of the Story; at least I have found it so my self.

Aril. Indeed, my Lord, I believe you; and for that Reason shall take as much Care as I can to keep out of your Clutches. [*Exit Running.*]

Ald. This comes of telling Truth; however, faith, she shan't 'scape me so if I can help it.

[*Runs after her.*]

S C E N E VI.

Enter Theodore and Marmillio.

Theo. Well, my *Marmillio*, have you seen *Ismonda*, and has she any Suspicion of *Euridice*? I should be loth too highly to incense her, for I still love her beyond the Fairest of her Sex.

Mar. My Lord, this Morning I receiv'd a Note from her, desiring me to come to her; I did so, and found her plung'd in the most violent Grief, for fear she had lost your Heart for ever; upon which I told her, I was sure she still reign'd sole Mistress there, even tho' you might stray for some Moments from her: By this Means I at last restored her pretty well to Tranquility, and the first Visit you make her calms all her Fears.

Theo. I will not long delay it; this little Absence will endear her to me, and I shall find fresh Joys in her Possession.

28 *The Humours of the Court :*

Mar. You will so, my Lord ; a little Absence is a mighty Friend to an old Passion.

Theo. I fly to prove it. [Exit Theodore.]

Marmillio solus.

The Devil's in it if I don't make my Fortune ; I am not the first that has risen to Preferment by being subservient to his Master's Pleasures, or in plain *English* by pimping ; I wish some kind Lads would now come across my Way, I have some loose Love which I could very well spare at present.

Enter Arilla.

So my pretty little Mad-cap, I was just wishing for some kind Heart, and Fortune has sent you in my Way.

Aril. Why really, my Lord, if I don't put myself in your Way, I find you will take care not to come in mine ; however, I may thank myself ; I thought what all your Flames and Transports would come to when once you had had your Will ; the more Fool I to be so easily persuaded to my Undoing.

Mar. *Undoing !* 'Egad, Child, I am sure you are in the Wrong there, I think it was *doing*, or else I was plaguily mistaken ; nay, don't blush, Child, there was no Harm done neither, that I know of.

Aril. That's more than I know ; at least it is no Thanks to you, you did your worst I am sure of that.

Mar.

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Mar. My *Worst*, my *Best* you mean, my Dear ; 'Egad I take it very ill of you to call it my *Worst*, and won't forgive you unless you will go along with me this Minute, and play the second Part to the same Tune.

Aril Now can't I refuse him, tho' I were sure to be hang'd for it, and I don't know but I may dearly pay the Piper ; but hang it, it comes with a Fright, and faint Heart never won fair Lady.

S O N G VII.

Tune, How happy are we, who from
thinking are free.

*If all were to pay
Who at Hotkockles play ;
And forced to sing Lullaby Baby,
How many at Court,
Wou'd be mark'd for that Sport,
Who now look as demurely as may be ?*
[Exit with Marmillio.]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Helena and Violante.

Hel. Of all the Curses on this Side the Grave, there is none sure like being ty'd to such a Wretch as *Impotentio* ; a Creature who no more deserves the Name of a Man than one of the *Italian* Singers ; I wonder how he durst have
the

30 *The Humours of the Court :*

the Assurance to impose himself upon me for a Husband, when he must know himself incapable of giving a Wife due *Benevolence* ; but if the Law can do it I will have Relief.

Violan. I must confess, Madam, I cannot blame you, 'tis such an Abuse as is not to be born ; for my Part, I wonder you have endur'd it so long ; Ad'slife, what, marry'd three Years, and still a Maid ! By my Troth, I would have Justice done me tho' I went to the Parson of the Parish for it.

Hel. I might indeed serve him as he deserves, Cuckold him ; but then he would still enjoy my Fortune in Spite of me ; wherefore I'll be divorced, and force him to pay it back ; for, on my Conscience, my Monster would not value who horn'd him, so he could but keep my Fortune : But here he comes, see how like a Sheep-Biter he looks.

Enter Impotentio.

Impo. Well, Madam, do you still hold your shameful Resolution of making yourself and me the Talk of the whole Town, or have you consider'd better on it, and chang'd your Mind ?

Hel. Thou shameless Wretch, I wonder how thou hast Impudence to face me, or ask that Question after my unparallel'd Wrongs ; but think not, thou Sign of a Man, that I will put it up ? No, be assured I will make thee publick, 'till all the Boys shall point at thee, and hoot thee wherever thou appearest.

Impo.

Impo. And think you to escape uncensur'd, if thus you give a Loose to your headstrong Passion? Would any Woman of common Modesty expose herself to be the Subject of a Bawdy Trial? Why, at this Rate, Miss *Cadiere* no longer will be mention'd, but you will be the Theme of every Tongue.

Hel. I value it not, so I am but reveng'd; thank Heaven, Women of my Rank are above Scandal; and if the Law can do it, I will be parted, nor will I longer lie by thy cold Side.

Impo. Intemperate Woman, can I help an Indisposition with which Heaven has afflicted me? However, if Surgeons are any Judges 'tis now removed, and I am able now to do thee Justice.

Hel. No more shalt thou delude me with these Hopes, nor fool me more with impotent Embraces; did I bring Youth and Beauty and a Fortune to be all cast away upon a Cypher? By Heaven I'll never bear it.

Violan. No, by my Troth, Madam, I don't know who would; as I live, were I his Wife, I'd cuckold him with half the Town.

Impo. Indeed I believe you, good Lady *Violante*; I find my Spouse has got an excellent Teacher.

Violan. Why 'tis the common Cause of all our Sex, and should she bear it tamely, she deserves it.

Hel. I should so, *Violante*; but I am not that easy Fool, and so that Nincompoop shall find to his Cost. [Sing.

SONG

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S O N G VIII.

Tune, Slow-Men of London, &c.

*I am to my Sorrow a marry'd Maid,
And therefore am come to London,
To see if there's no Relief to be had,
Because I still am Undone.*

*My Husband he is a fumbling Tool,
Wherefore I am come to London,
To try to be parted from the Fool,
Because he leaves me Undone.*

*And if the Law won't take my Part,
If there is but a Man in London,
I'll cuckold him with all my Heart,
And teach him to leave me Undone.*

*Impo. All you that marry wanton Wives,
Take warning Men of London ;
They'll make you weary of your Lives,
If you shou'd leave them Undone.*

*Then should it chance to be your Fate,
Quick take them out of London,
Or else they'll surely horn your Pate,
And then you will be Undone.*

*Violan. Then Warning take all fumbling Fools
Of Country, or of London,
And marry not without your Tools,
Or you'll be surely Undone.*

There

*There still will Journey-Men be found,
In Country, or in London,
Who will plough in your Lady's Ground,
If you should leave her Undone.*

*And then you, to your Cost, will find,
In Country, and in London,
'Twere better you had been more kind,
For when she's done, you're Undone.*

[Exeunt omnes,

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Adonis and Vanessa.

Adon. Beauteous *Vanessa*! To meet you alone is such a Happiness as I durst not promise myself; for, since I first declared my Passion to you, you have industriously shun'd all Opportunities of Blessing me with your Company; nay, if my Eyes have but met yours, you've turn'd away your Head, as if you grudg'd that momentary Pleasure; how could you be so cruel to a Prince that loves you?

Van. It ill becomes your Highness to complain of Cruelty, for no one will believe it possible for any one to be cruel to a Prince; *Adonis* was not born to sigh in vain, nor to implore for Pity.

Adon. Wou'd what you say were true, I shou'd not then thus long have su'd in vain, when all my Happiness depends on you: But say, fair Trifler, when shall I be blest? And if I was not Born to sigh in vain, this Minute make me

E

happy

34 *The Humours of the Court :*

happy in your Arms, and let me lose my self in Joy and Transport ; by Heaven I must and will enjoy my Charmer ; nor shall thy Coyness any longer save thee ; come I see consenting in your Eyes ; I must be no Lover to forego thee, when Love and Opportunity invite, and every Thing concurs to bless me. [*Takes her in his Arms.*]

Van. [*Getting loose from him.*] Aye, now my Lord, you show your self, the bold commanding, not the whining Lover ; but sure you wou'd not have recourse to Force, against a poor defenceless helpless Maid.

Adon. By thy bright Eyes, and that bewitching Face, but I wou'd to any Thing, rather than not enjoy thee, if you will not consent ; but say thou wilt, and make the Bliss compleat.

Van. [*Sighing.*] And will you not forsake me if I shou'd, as soon as you have had your will ? For if you should 'twould surely break my Heart.

Adon. Forsake thee, no, I'd first forsake my Life, for without thee my Life would be my Torment ; haste then, my Dearest, haste into my Arms, and say *Vanessa* will be mine for ever.

Van. She will indeed, she will be yours for ever, if you, my Lord, can have such wond'rous Truth ; and she will bless the Day when first she saw you.

Adon. Then farewell Doubts and Fears, and welcome Joy,

Since my *Vanessa* is no longer Coy.

[*Exit Adonis with Vanessa.*]

A C T



ACT II.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Ariadne's,*

Enter Marmillio, Aldemar, Hamilcar, Arilla, Morantia, and Ariadne.

Marmillio.

JOY to the fair *Ariadne* and *Hamilcar*; you could not steal a Wedding so privately, but your Friends have heard it, and would come to congratulate your Happiness.

Ariad. I thank my Friends for their good Wishes, and own I think my Happiness complete.

Ham. I'm glad to hear my *Ariadne* say so, and must confess I'm of the same Opinion; I wish my Friends I could congratulate you all upon the same Occasion.

Mor. Do you hear, my Lords, there is Encouragement for you; when shall we hear you say as much?

Mar. Faith, Madam, if ever we shou'd have as much Reason, I believe we should be ready to say as much.

Ald. Right, my Lord, if we had as much Reason; for Gold is an admirable Cordial to make that bitter Draught call'd Matrimony palatable.

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Aril. The Women are sure to have your good Word, my Lord ; but pray how came your Lordship to fall into that Trap, if you had such an ill Opinion of it ?

Ald. Why, sooner or later all Men do, I think ; there's a sort of Fatality in it ; however, as Wives go, thank Heaven, I have no great Reason to complain ; I had rather keep her I have then venture on another.

Mor. Hold there, my Lord, hold there ; for you are strangely bely'd if you wou'd not rather venture twice *upon* another Man's Wife, than once *upon* your own.

Mar. Faith, Madam, I think he is very much in the right on it, I should do the same if I were in his Case.

Aril. No Body doubts it, my Lord there's never a Barrel better Herring between you ; nothing comes amiss to Lord *Aldemar* and *Mar-millio*, but an old Mistress, as *Vanessa*, and others that shall be nameless, have found to their Cost.

Ald. I hope you have not Madam, you speak so feelingly : And as to *Vanessa*, 'Egad I'll assure you she is above looking upon *Aldemar*, she aims somewhat higher, and is, I hear, in a fair Way to Preferment.

Mor. Aye, blast her Beauties, I know she does : But I may yet chance to trip up her Heels. [*Aside.*

There's no Body, I believe, will envy her Preferment, ha ! ha ! ha. [*Laughing affectedly.*

Ald. 'Egad, Madam, I don't know what you may think, but a Prince's Mistress is not to be despised, and, I believe, not many wou'd refuse it ;

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it; Oh! 'tis a fine Thing to be a Favourite with
one who's within ken of Sovereign Power.

S O N G IX.

Tune, A lovely Lads to a Fryar came, &c.

*When e'er a Princely Lover wooes,
He seldom meets denial,
The proudest She that e'er wore Shooes
Is glad to have the Tryal ;
Then let none say they wou'd refuse,
For Faith I believe they lie all.*

*Then Ladies pray your Censures spare,
For if I'm not mistaken,
You gladly would succeed the Fair,
Were she but once forsaken ;
But I hope she has wisely taken care,
Not to have her Int'rest shaken.*

Ariad. Excellently perform'd, my Lord, but
let us walk, a small Collation waits you in next
Room. *[Exeunt Omnes.]*

S C E N E II.

Enter Theodore and Ismonda.

Theo. My dear, my lov'd *Ismonda*, how has
this little Absence endear'd you to me? I'll
swear I knew not that I lov'd so well, but
we will never part so long again.

Ismon.

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Ismon. Indeed, my Lord, if you had known the Anguish that I felt, whilst rob'd of your dear Company, the unutterable Fears that somewhat had depaiv'd me of that Heart wherein I place my only Happiness, I think you would not again leave me to them.

Theo. Oh! Fear not, my Charmer, nought but Fate shall ever separate me from my *Ismonda*.

Ismon. Not Fate should rob me of my *Theodore*, for even in Death I'd follow my lov'd Lord, and be his faithful Part'ner in the Grave, for nothing then would be worth living for.

Theo. Enough, my fair One, I believe thou wouldst, nor will I wrong thy Love so much to doubt it; for thou hast wond'rous Truth, and matchless Goodness, which *Theodore* will study to repay; if all his Love can make return for so much Faith, such unexampled Constancy.

Ismon. Blest Sounds! Henceforth I'll give the Winds my Fears, nor shall one anxious Thought disturb my Peace, since *Theodore* is mine, and only mine.

S O N G X.

Tune, Colin's Complaint.

*Farewel to all Sorrow and Care,
Since henceforth my Celadon's mine;
No more any Rivals I'll fear,
No longer at Fortune repine;*

When

*When folded within his dear Arms,
I'll bid to all Anguish adieu ;
No Shepherd had e'er half his Charms,
Nor ever shall Nymph be more true.*

[Exeunt Ambo.]

S C E N E III.

Enter Adonis with Vanessa.

Adon. Well, my fair Charmer, do you now repent that e'er you took *Adonis* to your Arms, and made him happy as the Blest above ?

Van. No, my lov'd Prince, nor ever shall, I hope ; at least I'm sure not whilst you are so kind ; possessing you I have my utmost Wish, nor can know Misery, unless I lose you, which Curse, avert kind Heaven.

Adon. Oh ! Fear it not, my only Joy, that Face is not yet made that e'er shall gain me from thee ; in this Assurance let nought shake thy Peace, but be as happy as my Love can make thee.

Van. Then am I blest indeed ; but how shall I repay this wond'rous Goodness ?

Adon. O thou hast Treasures to repay far more ; by Heaven all Joys are faint compared to thine ; nor can, even thy whole united Sex, furnish out such a Feast of Love as thee.

Van. Nay, my Lord, now you make me blush ; but however, I'm very glad you think so.

Enter

40 *The Humours of the Court :*

Enter Modish.

Adon. By Heaven I do ; *Modish* wish me Joy, *Vanessa* has at last agreed to bless me, and I am now full Master of my Wishes.

S O N G XI.

Tune, Since the Town is full of Folly, &c.

*Come, my Modish, let's be jolly,
And bid adieu to Melancholy,
Since I enjoy Vanessa's Charms.
For my Fair is such a Blessing,
As gives Pleasures past expressing,
When I lie circled in her Arms.
When I lie circled in her Arms.*

Mod. I heartily congratulate your Highness, and you likewise, Madam, and hope you'll now own that I was your Friend, when I advised you to meet the Prince's Passion with equal Fire, and give a loose to Love.

Van. [Laughing.] I must confess, my Lord, the Captain did his Endeavours ; he spared no Pains.

Adon. I do believe him zealous for my Service, nor shall he lose his Labour.

Mod. Your Highness over pays my poor Endeavours by Acceptance ; but I will study to deserve your Favours.

Adon.

Adon. Enough, good *Modish*, but I must to Court; my Fair, I will not long be absent from thy Arms. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter *Helena*, *Violante*, *Flippanta*, *Jacinta*,
and *Beatrice*.

Hel. These good Women, Lady *Violante*, are Midwives, and esteem'd the most knowing of their Profession, and they assure me they will give it upon Oath, that I am as good a Maid as when first born.

Flip. No, hold there, Madam, hold there a bit, not as good as when you was first born, for then you was a Maid in Thought, Word, and Deed, now I presume your Ladyship will not deny but you have transgressed a little in Thought.

Hel. Why truly, Madam *Flippanta*, I must confess my Thoughts have wandered a little in that respect; but how the Deuce can one help that, when there's scarce a Night but I've such Dreams as makes me almost mad when I awake; and then I find my self so strange, and wish, and wish, whilst my Monster lies snoring by me like a Log?

Jacin. Alas! Poor Lady, I pity your Case, for Nature will work in us sleeping and waking.

Beat. Aye so it will, Mrs. *Jacinta*, I remember that by my self when I was young; Ad'slife, I wish this Cause was to be try'd by a Jury of Women, I'm sure they'd give the Lady swinging Damages:

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ages : What lose 3 Years teeming Time ? Why 'tis a Loss never to be recovered ; had I power I'd make a Law no Man should matry before he had passed the Examination of a dozen experienced Matrons, who shou'd sit as *Tryers*, and be allowed a handsome Salary at the Expence of the Publick : Then we should see good Times.

Flip. Nay, Sister *Beatrice*, there I think you go too far ; for I dare say there are a 1000 Women, who would be publick Spirited enough to sit as *Tryers*, without desiring any Salary for their Labour.

Jacin. Aye, in my Conscience are there Sister *Flippanta* ; why, so well I love the Cause I wou'd be one my self.

Violan. You are obliged to these good Women, Madam, for their good Will ; if you don't gain your Cause, I find it will be none of their Fault.

Flip. No, by my Troth, Madam, why should it, 'tis a common Cause ; at this Rate our Sex would soon grow Useless, and the World would quickly be at an End ; besides, we Midwives are particularly concern'd in it : Ad'slife, shall any sneaking, fribling, fumbling Rogue dare to marry a fine Woman, and afterwards have nothing to do with her ? It puts me in a Passion, 'Zounds ! Flesh and Blood can't bear it ; if your Ladyship don't give me a Glasse of some what Cordial I shall faint away, Oh ! Oh ! Oh !

Violan. O, by all Means.

[Rings a Bell.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Bring a Bottle of Brandy ; I suppose these good Gentlewomen are in the same Case.

Jacin. and Beat. Yes indeed are we, Madam ; but we are willing to spend our Spirits for your Ladyship.

Violan. I thank you all very kindly.

Enter Servant with Bottle and Glasses.

Fill a Glass round.

Ser. Yes, Madam.

[*Fills about.*]

Flip. God's Blessings on your Ladyship:

[*Drinks and sings.*]

S O N G XII.

Tune, Now you have had your Will of me,
pray what are you the better, &c.

*As Marriage was at first design'd
To further Procreation,
Why should you be to one confin'd
Unfit for Copulation ?*

*No, Madam, no, both God and Man
A Remedy allows you,
And your good Man, do what he can,
Must let another spouse you.*

Jacin. God a Mercy, Sister, I'll do my best to
do you Reason.

[*Drinks and sings.*]

The

44 The Humours of the Court :

*The Maiden is fit for the Game,
We'll all of us maintain it ;
She must then be allow'd the same,
The Laws do all explain it.*

*What, although her dull Fumbler be
Like the Dog in the Manger ?
If he'll not feed, 'tis plain that he,
Perforce, must let a Stranger.*

Omnes. A clear Case, a clear Case, a clear Case.

Beat. Well, Madam, I'll endeavour not to be behind Hand with my Sisters. [*Drinks and sings.*]

*The Fruit is juicy, ripe, and sound,
We all of us must grant it ;
Why shou'd it fall, and rot o'th' Ground,
Because the Owner can't eat ?*

*No, all the World they will allow
That any Man may taste it ;
For when the Friut's full o'th' Bough
Great Pity 'tis to waste it.*

Hel. Exquisitely perform'd indeed, I thank you all, I hope I may depend upon you at the Trial ?

Flip. Facin. Beat. You may indeed, Madam, we will not fail you ; and if home Swearing will do you any Service, we'll warrant you carry your Point.

Hel. [*Sighing.*] I wish I cou'd, for I'm very impatient 'till 'tis over.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

Euridice Sola;

Into how many Snares does Love betray us !
O fatal Passion, lost undone *Euridice*, no sooner
has *Theodore* rifled my Virgin Treasure but I'm
forsaken and abandon'd : Fool that I was, what
could I else expect ? I knew him even then false
to *Ismonda*, and yet could take no Warning, but
must give Ear to his deluding Tongue : Even
now, that I know him to be false, should he again
pursue, again shou'd I yield, and be again un-
done. There is no other Way then but to fly
him, before the busy World too nearly pries into
my Conduct, and then my Reputation, which I
hope yet is clear, is lost for ever. It shall be so ;
I will seem as indifferent as he, at least I gain
this by it, he shall not know the Pain he gives
me ; perhaps too at last I may cease to love him,
and then once more I may be happy : Then aid
me Female Pride, to return Slight with Slight,
and repay Scorn with Scorn.

SONG

46 *The Humours of the Court :*

S O N G XIII.

Tune, Vain Belinda, &c.

*Since Damon does my Love disdain,
I will return his Sights again ;
My Female Pride I will maintain,
He shall not see he gives me Pain.*

But here comes *Ismonda*, I will avoid her, a
Basilisk's less Poison to my Sight. [*Exit Euridice,*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Ismonda.

Unless my Eyes deceived me strangely that
was *Euridice* that left this Place ; Poor wretch !
I know she can't endure my Sight ; I pity the
fond Girl, could she imagine that she could gain
my *Theodore* from me ? I wonder at her Pride !
But dearly has she bought Experience to the
contrary ; I hardly envy her her taste of Happi-
ness, since he again is mine ; may all my Rivals
meet the same sad Fate : For sure there cannot be
a greater Curse than to be forsaken by the Man
one loves. As there is no greater Blessing than
to love and be belov'd again. I now will give
a loose to Joy, secure of all I wish, since *Theo-*
dore, great *Theodore* is mine for ever.

S O N G

S O N G XIV.

Tune, Let Ambition fire thy Mind.

*Joy shall now engross my Mind,
I was born o'er Hearts to reign,
All my Fears I'll give the Wind,
Since Celadon still wears my Chain.*

Enter to her Adrastus.

Ha! *Adrastus*! What curst Wind has blown him here?

Adrast. So, Madam, I thought we two were never to meet again, neither had we now I suppose, had you been aware on't; however, Madam, if you so little value a fond Husband's Love, I may perhaps in time retrieve my Heart, and shall bestow it on one who more deserves it. Ungrateful Woman, how have I merited this Usage? Aye, you may blush; I could almost blush for you.

Ismon. If I do blush, my Lord, it is with Anger, to hear my self so treated, for else I know no Cause I have for blushing; what Usage is it of which you complain, or why do you fancy I should shun your Sight?

Adrast. Do you ask, base Woman? Have I not Cause? When, notwithstanding my repeated Letters to desire your Company, you still have found some idle Excuse to delay coming to me; but I can see thro' all your weak Pretences, nor will I longer bear them; therefore if you will stay here any longer, you shall stay here

48 *The Humours of the Court :*

here for ever, for never more shall or my House, or Bed receive you.

Ismon. You know full well what keeps me here, I else had not been absent from your Arms; and as soon as I have got Leave to depart, I willingly will follow where you please; wrong me not therefore with your base Suspensions, for Heaven knows, I ill deserve them at your Hands. *[Crying and Embracing him.]*

Adraft. *[Getting loose from her Embraces.]*

Away Dissembler, I hate thee more for this Hypocrisy, then ever yet I lov'd thee; think'st thou that I am blind to all my Wrongs? No, tho' so long I've born them, I know them but too well! but now I'll shake thee off, fair Crocodile, remember *Theodore*, and farewell for ever.

[Exit in a Rage.]

Ismonda sola.

Remember *Theodore*, and farewell for ever; those were his Words, I will; so farewell Frost. 'Tis what I long have wanted, for now I'm free from all Restraint, and I'll assure him shall not break my Heart; a Husband for a Lover is a very good Exchange, or else I am much mistaken.

S O N G

SONG XV.

Tune, With tuneful Pipe and merry Glee.

*Since my good Man is from me fled,
And leaves me here alone ;
With a brisk Lover in my Bed,
I for his Loss will moan :
His Cruelty
Shall ne'er tease me,
Let him do what he can ;
His Flight no more
I will deplore
But ta——ke another Man. [Ex. Ismon.*

SCENE VII.

SCENE Publick Walks.

Arilla and Morantia.

Aril. 'Tis a very pleasant Morning, Madam,
I believe there will be a great deal of Company.

Mor. I believe there will, these Walks seldom
fail of Company in fine Weather, which makes
walking here a very agreeable Amusement :
'Tis odds but we meet some of our Acquain-
tance presently.

Aril. True, Madam, and I wish we may,
especially some Beaux, for I could like a little
Chat with them well enough, they are a pret-
ty, harmless Sort of People, there's no great
Danger in a Beau.

G

Mor.

50 *The Humours of the Court:*

Mor. Have a Care what you say, not all of them I'll assure you ; what think you of Prince *Adonis* ?

Aril. I did not think of him at all, but now you mention him, have you heard the News ?

Mor. Not I ; I don't trouble my Head much about News, but prithee what is it ?

Aril. Why they say *Vanessa* is with Child, and that *Adonis* grows fonder and fonder of her every Day.

Mor. [*Blushing*] That is not common with Mankind, *Enjoyment* generally wears them pretty well, and so 'twill him [*aside*] or I shall be much mistaken, at least it shall be no Fault of mine if it don't.

Aril. You don't consider there may be a young Prince in the Case ; but see, there's his Highness just before us.

Enter to them Adonis.

Adonis. Good Morrow, fair Ladies ; to meet you walking in a Morning was a Happiness I did not expect.

Mor. Sure your Highness mistakes us for *Vanessa* ; we hear indeed she's no early Riser now-a-days.

Adonis. I suppose she rises now, Madam, at the same Hour that she used to rise, sometimes early, sometimes late.

Mor. No, my Lord, Ladies in her Condition don't love to leave their Beds very early ; when People are indisposed they love Repose.

Adonis.

Adonis. I never heard that she was indisposed, Madam, but without doubt you have good Intelligence.

Aril. I wonder your Highness should be ignorant of what all the Town knows.

Adonis. Why really, Ladies, as I am not her Physician I think it no Wonder at all; she does not use to consult me about her Distemper when she is indisposed.

Mor. We did not know, my Lord, but she might have made Complaint to you as to a Friend.

Adonis. No, Madam, I am not allowed that Privilege to hear the Complaints of young Ladies, I am not so much a Favourite with your Sex.

Mor. No, my Lord, then the World is much mistaken, for they say you reign sole Favourite there.

Adonis. O! Madam, I hope you know better than to believe all the World says, for the World will talk strange Things, and faith, I don't know any way to prevent it, I only wish that all they say was true.

Mor. Why, my Lord, what do they say?

Adonis. Why, Madam, they do me the Honour to reckon me a Favourite with you likewise, and I wish that were true.—— [*aside.*] I know she envies *Vanessa*, and I've a great Mind to revenge her Cause.

Mor. [*aside*] What does he mean, I wish so too. [*to him*] Nay, now you rally, my Lord, we know your Heart is too much taken up with *Vanessa* to admit of any other Flame.

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Adonis. Wrong not your Charms so much, beauteous *Morantia*, which all who see must love : *Vanessa*, I'll assure you, no more employs my Thoughts, and 'twill be your Fault alone if you are not sole Mistress there.

Mor. Lye still my Heart, least he should think the Conquest too easily obtained ; [*to him*] My Lord, you know you was born to Command, and were you but sincere, I fear I should too easy be undone.

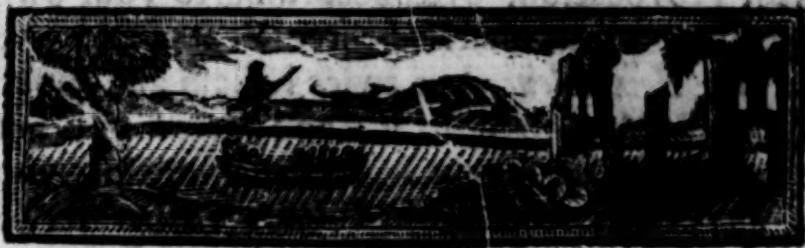
Adonis. By all my Hopes I am ; away with all idle Fears and Suspensions, and give a loose to Love. [*Taking her in his Arms,*

Thus *Paris* bore fair *Hellen* in his Arms,
And revell'd in her wondrous World of Charms.

The End of the Second Act.



A C T



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter Impotentio and Florinda.

Florinda.



DOES your Wife still persist in her Resolution of bringing this scandalous Affair to a Tryal?

Impot. Yes, Madam, she does, nor can any Persuasions deter her from it; besides, she is prompted to it by all her Relations in general, and especially Lady *Violante*, insomuch that she has sent for three Midwives to examine her, who are all of them pleased to report her an *untouch'd Virgin*.

Flor. That's impossible! why she had all the Symptoms of a breeding Woman, and own'd she believed herself with Child by you; but if that is the Case, you must e'en be examin'd too by Surgeons, and if they give a favourable Report on your Side, as I hope they will now, it will overthrow the Opinion of the Midwives, who are but a Parcel of old Women; Tho', I must

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must confess, Son, that your Wife has had great Provocation, even according to your own Account; what, married three Years, and give her *due Benevolence* but twice! Flesh and Blood is hardly able to bear it; and, were you not my own Son, I should be as much against you as any one: Adlife! had your Father serv'd me so, I should have thought it my Duty to cuckold him, to make him an Example for the Benefit of the rest of my Sex: I protest, as it is, it provokes me strangely.

Impo. Nay, but, Madam, consider my Illness.

Flor. Nay, but, Son, consider a Woman's Wants; do you think you could live three Years upon two Meals?

Impo. Nay, Madam, if you are against me too I must fall, and may say with *Cæsar*, *Et tu quoque Bruti*.

Flor. No, Son, I am not against you, but am for making the best of a bad Marker, as Things are; wherefore I again advise you to be examin'd by Surgeons, if, as you say, you are perfectly cured.

Impo. Madam, I intend so to do, and accordingly have sent for some of the ablest, whom I hourly expect.

Flor. 'Tis your only Way, Son, and I hope it will very much prove to your Advantage; I am sure your Father was a very *able* Man, or, by my Troth, I should not have loved him half so well as I did; and I think I was a good Pains-taking Woman; wherefore I can't imagine what the duce should ail you, unless you were

were changed in the Cradle; I can tell you, if I had known so much before-hand, my Conscience would not have let you married.

Impo. I hope, Madam, all Things will prove to both our Satisfaction. Well, what now?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, the Surgeons are in the next Room.

Impo. Very well, I am coming; Madam, I must beg to be excused. [*Exit with Serv.*]

Florinda, sola. I wish all proves right; my Mind misgives me terribly; methinks my Son looks very sheepish, as if he were conscious of some Defect; not but I blame *Helena* very much for exposing herself and him at this rate; it would have been more modest, in my Mind, to have taken a Journeyman, and so have supply'd her Wants privately, than to have made this Uproar: I don't doubt but Thousands do the same, who look very demurely. Well, 'tis a dreadful Case; I really pity my Son, be it how it will, for he must expect no Peace as long as he lives, tho' he should carry the Cause; I know that by myself, for I am sure I should not have let his Father have any.

SONG XVI. *Tune, The Yorkshire Parson.*

How wretched the Case is, how dismal the Strife!
'Twixt an impotent Husband, and impudent Wife;
How like Dog and Cat still at Variance they live,
Whilst one will expect, what the other can't give.
'Twere best they were parted, if that would but do;
But if Helena goes, her Money goes too. [*Exit Flor.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter Adonis and Morantia.

Mor. Good Heaven, what have I done! Oh! my dear Lord, should this be known, what would become of lost *Morantia*?

Adonis. Which way should it be known? you will not tell yourself, and I am dumb; away then with these Fears, they're quite ungrateful, and I shall think that you repent your Goodness.

Mor. No, my lov'd Prince, by your dear Self I swear, an Oath to me most sacred, I repent not, nor shall, unless you first repent and leave me; tho' Heaven only knows how dear this momentary Bliss may cost me. [*sighing.*]

Adonis. Why what should it cost you; the second Part to the same Tune, I know nothing else it will cost you, and where's the Harm of that? Nay, don't blush, my Charmer, you have done nothing but what your Mother did before you.

Mor. Fye, my Lord, how can you talk so? I vow you are a sad Man; but I may thank myself.

Adonis. Again at thy Fears, they're Treason to my Love, I'll hear no more of them; why thou wast born to give and to receive extatick Joys, unutterable Transports, think then of nought but those Raptures and Delights which thou alone impartest; come, I'll refresh thy Memory. [*Taking her in his Arms.*]

Mor.

Mor. Hold, my Lord, tho' I could willingly repeat those tempting Joys, your Highness may be wanted, and the Confusion I should then be in, would soon betray my Guilt, and then I am lost.

Adonis. Well, my Charmer, for thy Sake I will this once be rul'd; but when shall I be blest again?

Mor. Go, my Lord, you are a strange Man, can't you love without that? Well, if it must be so, to Night I think.

Adonis. I will not fail, my fair one. At present I'll retire, lest we should be surpriz'd; till then fa rewel.

[*Kisses her, and exit.*]

Morantia, sola. I have brought myself into a fine *Premunire*, I think I was bewitch'd. Suppose now I should be in *Vanessa's* Case, I should be finely fitted; this comes of giving way to Envy. I dare say, if it had not been to supplant her, I had not yielded so soon; and what have I now got by it? Can I believe he will be true to me, when he was not so to her? I wish 'twas undone, but 'tis past, and cannot be recalled. Besides, what will *Arilla* think to see me let him take such Liberties? Bless me, how unguarded have I been before? Undoubtedly she guesses all. Well I must take my Fortune; Complaints are now too late.

SONG XVII.

Tune, 'Twas when the Seas were roaring.

Now that the Leap is taken,

In vain 'tis to deplore;

If I'd have sav'd my Bacon,

I should have thought before.

H

But

The Humours of the Court:

*But I, poor foolish Creature,
Grieve now it is too late;
Had I resisted Nature,
This had not been my Fate.*

But sec, *Arilla*, I must put a good Face on't, tho' the Deuce take me, if I know what to say to her.

Enter to her Arilla.

Aril. Your Servant, Madam; well, who's the reigning Favourite now? I suppose *Vanessa* is pretty much out of Date by this Time, the Prince was all in Raptures.

Mor. Aye, 'tis so, she knows all; however I won't own it. [*Aside.*] I vow, Madam, I don't know what you mean.

Aril. Nay, now you make me angry; did not I see your Eyes consenting, and his glowing with the fiercest Desires? Come, my Dear; you must not deny it, we are all frail, and I know how to give Grains of Allowance to my own Sex: On my Conscience, I could not have resisted him myself, if he had put me so hard to it.

Mor. Well, you are a mad Creature, you will have Things your own Way, say what I will.

Aril. Aye, aye, and he would have Things his own Way too, do what you could, or I am much mistaken. [*Laughing.*]

Mor. I protest you make me blush, you talk so wildly.

Aril. Blush, for what? for what we have all done, or should be glad to do with the Man we liked?

S O N G

S O N G XVIII.

Tune, Bessy Bell, &c.

*The coyest She that trips the Plain,
 And looks the most demurely,
 Would gladly sport with her dear Swain,
 Could she but do't securely.
 Then all Grimaces lay aside,
 Whilst we're with one another,
 It is a Trick we all have try'd,
 And ta'en from Eve our Mother.*

Mor. Say you so, my Dear, why then I'll
 take Courage; I hope I shall fare as well as my
 Neighbours.

Aril. Aye, aye; keep but your own Counsel,
 and never fear it.

Mor. O, I'll warrant you for that; but let
 us away to Court, we may be wanted.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter Impotentio, Florinda, Gulimo, Ricardo,
 Idomeus.

Imp. Wish me Joy, Madam; these learned
 Gentlemen, the most eminent of their Profession,
 assure me, that I am perfectly cured of my fa-
 tal Indisposition, and that all Impediments to
 my enjoying my Wife are removed entirely.

Gul. Yes, Madam, we'll warrant him *Suffi-*
cient at present, in any Court in *Christendom.*

H 2

Fla.

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Flo. I am very glad to hear it, I wish it had been done sooner ; however, better late than never.

Ric. 'Tis so, Madam, for no Law will grant Lady *Helena* a Divorce, if we make Oath that he is a *Man sufficient*, which we can now safely do.

Ido. Yes, Madam, if the Lady will complain for want of *due Benevolence*, by my Consent the Gentleman shall *Consummate* with her in open Court, till every-body is fully satisfied.

Gul. Hold there, Brother, that will be too hard a Tryal upon the Gentleman for the first Time, whatever it may be to the Lady.

Flo. Aye, aye, let him try his Courage in the Dark first, and if he performs well there, let him do't in the Light afterwards if he will, for Darkness is a great Friend to Bashfulness.

S O N G X I X .

Tune, At Noon one sultry Summer's Day.

*When Curtain's drawn, and Bride in Bed,
The bashful st He that wears a Head,
Will venture to do as we've said,
So Phillis is but willing.*

*But Brass indeed must be his Face,
Who'd kiss his Wife in the Market place;
No, that must ne'er be my Son's Case,
Till he's more us'd to billing.*

[Exeunt omnes.]

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter Vanessa and Adonis.

Van. O my lov'd Prince! where have you been this Age? I fear'd I had already lost your Heart, and then there's not a Wretch so lost as poor *Vanessa*. What have I not abandoned for thy Sake? My Parents, Kindred, Reputation all; still should I be content, could I keep you; but should you leave me, I must leave my Life.

Adonis. My dearest Life, banish those vain imaginary Fears, for never will *Adonis* cease to love thee, a Pledge thereof thou carriest always with thee; even that, methinks, might calm all thy Suspicions. What does there more remain to make thee easy, within the Compass of my Power? whate'er it be, name it, it shall be done.

Van. In having you, my Lord, I have all my Wishes; but when you are absent, I am lost in Fears. I know that many envy me my Happiness, and hourly endeavour to supplant me; can you then blame my Fears, when Youth and Beauty un-enjoyed combine to ravish from me all I hold most dear?

Adonis. True, my *Vanessa*, I know that thou art envied; but then I likewise know 'tis all in vain, and should the fairest of thy Sex surprize my Fancy for a Moment, my constant Heart would still return to thee, and with redoubled Love.

Van. This Goodness, my dear Lord, confounds me quite, but if the tenderest, fondest, faith-

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faithfullest Love can make you any Restitution,
you always shall be sure to meet with that.

Adonis. I do believe thee, dearest; nor will I
be ungrateful. [Exit, leading Vanessa.]

S C E N E V.

Enter Arilla and Morantia.

Mor. Death to my Hopes! was not that the
Prince, and with *Vanessa*? O! Poison to my
Eyes! What, already! before he has wiped
my Kisses off his Lips. O! false, false, false
Adonis.

Aril. What could you else expect? You knew
him false to her, could you believe he would be
true to you? 'Twas most unlikely; therefore
grieve not for him, but forget him like a Dream,
which we all know, tho' pleasing, is but tran-
sient.

Mor. Forget him, my *Arilla*! 'tis impossible.
False as he is, I still must love him. Perdition on
the fatal Minute he first taught my Virgin Heart
that pleasing, painful Passion.

Aril. What puzzles me is, that he should re-
turn to *Vanessa*; 'tis usual for all Mankind to
be Inconstant, but then 'tis for an Object that is
new: None e'er return again to an old Mistress;
but however, if that's his Temper, he may again
return to you.

Mor. O! never, never, flatter me not with
such Fancies, yet 'tis a pleasing Hope, and in
that Hope I'll live.

Aril.

Aril. Do so; and if he should not, 'tis but taking another, believe me there's no Cure for a despairing Passion like a new Lover.

Mor. O! talk not of it, I ne'er can love again if he is false; but see, he comes, alone too. leave me, dear *Arilla*, that I may prove the utmost of my Fate.

Arilla. I will; Success attend you. [Ex. Ar.]

Enter Adonis another Way.

Adonis. My dear *Morantia*, you are the very Fair I wish'd to meet.

Mor. Your Highness sure forgets that you just parted from *Vanessa*. Oh! Prince, that is the Fair you love to meet, and not the ruin'd, lost, undone *Morantia*.

Adonis. That I but just now parted with *Vanessa*, I own is true; and 'tis as true, I wish to meet with thee.

Mor. How can that be, my Lord? Would you love both at once? Impossible.

Adonis. Why impossible? Is there a Necessity that I should be ungrateful either to the one, or to the other? You formerly were Friends; can you not be so still? In this you have the Advantage of *Vanessa*, you know of her Affair, she's ignorant of your's; and were she not, her Temper is so sweet, she still would court your Friendship. Believe me, both have Enemies enough, it is but just you should be Friends together, that you may espouse each other's Cause; and be assured, you then will reign unrivall'd in my Heart.

Mor. Could I, my Lord, be still sure of your Love, I could allow her sometimes to enjoy
you;

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you ; but how can I be sure you will return and not forget *Morantia* for ever.

Adonis. You see I flew from you but to *Vanessa*, and from *Vanessa* fly again to you; no new Charmer had usurp'd your Places. Indeed how should there, when there is not one can be compared to either of you ?

Mor. Well, my Lord, on that Condition I am what you please ; and far from hating *Vanessa* as a Rival, from henceforth I will love her as a Sister.

Adonis. 'Tis kindly said, my Charmer, and I'll engage she will return thy Love.

SONG XX.

Tune, If Love's a sweet Passion, &c.

*That I love Vanessa, why should you repent ?
When that I love you too, ought you to content ;
So sweet is the Anguish, so easy the Chain,
That both by Turns please me, and both by Turns pain.
Then let's live in Friendship, as we did before,
And give all foolish Envy and Jealousies o'er.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Helena, Violante, Thrasimond, Alcamenes, and Clearcus.

Hel. Our Tryal comes on To morrow, wherefore I hope, my Friends, as you all know my Wrongs, you will stand by me, and see Justice done me.

Alc.

Alc. Daughter, I have their Promises they will, and doubt not their Performance.

Thra. You need not, Sir, all the Service in our Power you may depend on.

Vio. And for my Part, so much I resent your Injuries, that, were you not my Friend, I would appear, and depose all I know to let you free; for to force you to live with *Impotentio*, is little less Cruelty than was practised by *Mezentius*, who bound dead Bodies to the living, and so let them rot together.

Hel. Not much less have I suffered, but hope a little Time will put an End to it.

Clea. Doubt it not, Madam, what he has said to me alone dissolves your Marriage and fully proves that he is not a Man. Heavens! why should so much Youth and Beauty be thrown away on one who cannot use it?

Vio. Right, Sir, especially when she is so willing to make a good Use of her Time.

Hel. Why really, Madam, we Women may dissemble as we please, but I believe the modestest of us have our Desires as well as the Men, and full as fierce if we are deny'd what is lawful.

Thra. Questionless you have, Madam, or else you were not Women, nor fit for Marriage.

Clea. And faith, my Lord, he that would not assist a pretty Woman in Distress that Way, I'm sure is no Man.

Thra. No, hang such spiritless Wretches, they don't deserve that Name.

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Hel. laughing. I find then if I had apply'd myself for Redress to Lord *Thrasimond*, or *Clearcus*, I might have been relieved.

Vio. Yes, I believe they are a Couple of Knight-Errants who would not refuse to assist a Lady in that Case.

Alc. My Daughter is much obliged to them, but that would not fetch back her Fortune, and I think 'tis a Shame such a *fumbling Wretch* should enjoy it; when so many honest Men would be glad to earn it with the Sweat of their Brows.

Vio. Very true, my Lord for; my Part, I think refunding her Fortune is not sufficient, he ought to be made pay good *swinging Damages* for three Years lost Time; on my Conscience if there was but a Jury of Women to try him, they would make him double it at least.

Thra. And 'tis but reasonable, egad if I sat in the House, I would bring in a Bill for the Relief of all distressed Damsels, whose Husbands are in a State of Insolvency.

Vio. By my Troth, 'tis full as just as a Bill for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors; for I believe most Women will sooner forgive a Debt of one Kind, than of the Other.

Hel. Aye, a great deal, I'm sure I'll speak for one.

S O N G XXI.

Tune, Of noble Race was Shinken.

*I could forgive the Villain,
Who robs me of my Treasure;
But ne'er shall he forgiven be
Who robs me of my Pleasure.*

*May Cholicks rack his Intrails,
May Gout and Palsy shake him;
May still the Itch stick to his Breech,
Till Satan does o'ertake him.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Arilla sola.

Aril. Under what unfortunate Planet was I born! Every Body round me gets Lovers, and yet I can't get one; tho' in my Conscience I know what to do with one as well as the best of them. I never had but one, and that was *Marmillio*; and he's not worth hanging, he's so wild, and so inconstant: Not but that the Fellow has admirable Things in him, and is good-natur'd enough; but then the Rogue is so handsome, and knows it so well, that he sets a Value on every Visit he makes: And besides, he has more Business upon his Hands than he knows well how to dispatch; and yet, to do him Justice, he takes me in his Turn still, and I love him; but I want somebody *en passant* to trifle with. There's *Aldemar* too is just such another, or else I would give him some Encouragement; he has wanted to be nibbling a great while: But then in a Week or a Fortnight I should be as much to seek as I am now. Well, one Comfort is, if it should be so, I know beforehand I should not break my Heart. My Glass tells me I am not ugly; and, thank Heaven! now a days if one goes another will come. Hey ho! I am in a very wishing Humour at this Time, and if some very agreeable Person should come in this critical Minute, and put me say hard to it, I'll no more, but, Alas, poor *Arilla*! Ha! Lord *Aldemar*, as I live: Well, what will become of me? I see the old Gentleman won't lose a Dinner in these Days for want of Temptation.

Enter to her Aldemar.

Ald. To meet the fair *Arilla* all alone, is such a Happiness as I durst not have hop'd for. Pray, Madam, if I may presume to ask, what may have been the Subject of your Meditations?

12

Aril.

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Aril. Pray, my Lord, if I may question you in my turn, what Right have you to ask me? And why is meeting me alone such a Happiness?

Ald. In the first Place, Madam, I don't pretend a Right; but I should be glad to know, because I am sure a Lady of your Wit never employs her Thoughts about Trifles. And in the second Place, I propos'd some Pleasure to myself from enjoying your Company alone.

Aril. Why then, to answer you in your own Way, my Lord, in the first Place, my Thoughts were employ'd upon a Trifle; for they were employ'd upon your Sex. In the second Place, I fancy you will be balk'd, if you propose any Pleasure to yourself from my Company. I hope he has more Wit than to take me at my Word. *[Aside.*

Ald. No, Madam, I shall not be balk'd altogether; for use me as you will, I shall still have Pleasure in your Company. And I am not entirely without Hopes, from that Sweetness which reigns in your Eyes, and those *Cupids* which play about your Mouth, that you may be brought to think that you have mispent a great deal of Time in Cruelty, and that you was born for some other End, than to make Mankind despair.

Aril. Downright Poetry, by my Virginity. Poor Gentleman, he is disorder'd in his Brain.

Ald. No, fair Tormenter, but I am not; or if I am, do you be kind, and cure me.

Aril. Be kind, and cure you! There you have spoke the Truth; for Kindness always is a Cure for Love with your ungrateful Sex, for which Reason I shall trust none of you.

Ald. By thy bright self I swear, if thou wouldst be so good to apply Love's healing Balsam to my Wounds, I would for ever be a constant Lover.

Aril. Of my whole Sex, you mean; for so you doubtless told *Vanessa*, and yet you left her.

Ald. Had I been e'er so bless'd to have *Vanessa*, how
can

can you tell but that she first left me? And then must have been mean-spirited indeed still to have doated.

Aril. Suppose that true, my Lord, had your Love been sincere, you could not at your Pleasure have forsaken her.

Ald. Suppose that still I lov'd, durst I pretend to be a Rival to my Prince? And can you blame my seeking Ease elsewhere?

Aril. You argue well, my Lord; but weak were I to buy your Peace with the Loss of my own.

Ald. Far be it from me to desire to disturb your Peace: But had you once tasted the Joys of Love, you would not say 'twere forfeiting your Peace, although you should give way to that soft Passion.

Aril. Too well I know its Joys and Torments too. [*Aside.*] — Well, [*Sighing.*] should I yield, would you blame my forc'd Credulity, and soon despise and leave the easy Conquest? Would you not, my Lord?

Ald. No, my bright Charmer; by my Hopes, I would not. [*Catching her in his Arms.*] But say, thou wilt be kind, and make me bless'd.

Aril. I am very loth to venture, yet know not how to deny. Take me, and use me well.

S O N G XXII.

Tune, See, see, my Seraphins comes.

Deluding Man, his Ends obtain'd,

Soon scorns the yielding Maid;

No sooner is the Conquest gain'd,

But she's to Grief betray'd.

In vain she all her Charms employs,

To call him back again;

For in return of all her Joys,

He leaves her to complain.

[Exit with Aldemar.]

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Impotentio and Florinda.

Flor. Well, Son, thank Heaven, you have gain'd your Cause, and *Helena*, spite of her, is still your Wife. However, I advise you to use her kindly, and make her some Amends for her lost Time.

Imp. Madam, depend on't I'll do my best to please her; but much I fear she'll not be satisfy'd.

Flor. I like not that, it's a very bad Symptom. [*Aside.*] — Why, Son, satisfy'd! I suppose she'll be satisfy'd as easily as other Women: You would not have her satisfy'd with nothing?

Imp. No, Madam; but I have little Reason to suppose she will be as easily satisfy'd as other Women. I am sure few Women would have made such an Up-roar as she has done about it.

Flor. Few Women have so much Cause; or if they have, they go another Way to work, which is worse, they cuckold their Husbands.

Imp. Wo. fe! I don't know whether 'tis worse or no, if they are but quiet with it.

Flor. Ods'life! would you be content then to be a Cuckold, Beast? By my troth, if I was your Wife, you should be one, you Capon you.

Imp. Nay, no ill Names neither, Madam. If I am so, my Father and you got me so; 'tis none of my Fault.

Flor. Got you, Sirrah! You were as well got, tho' I say it that should not say it, as any Child in *England*.

Imp. That's more than I know, or believe either, Madam; or else my Wife would not have had so much Reason to complain, as you say she has. Egad, amongst you I think I have the worst.

SONG

S O N G XXIII.

Tune, Lawson and Clark.

*How perplexed am I between Mother and Wife!
 No Comfort by Day, and at Night nought but Strife:
 With Anguish and Sorrow they harass my Soul,
 It scarce wou'd be worse, did the Bell for me toll.
 But since that the Law will keep us together,
 And I must expect to have no fairer Weather;
 Altho' I am plagu'd with for better or worse,
 I'll manage her Case, whilst I manage the Purse.*

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Helena and Violante.

Hel. Had ever any Woman such barbarous Usage,
 to be confined all her Days to the Sign of a Man?

Viol. Really I think, Madam, you have had very
 hard Measure; but since it is as it is, you must make
 the best of a bad Market.

Hel. Measure, Madam, I vow to Gad I have no
 Measure at all; and as for Markets, if one poor Stall
 with only a poor Chitterling makes a Market, the
 Lord keep me from Markets.

Vio. I can't say but you have great Reason, but as
 you must be ty'd to a Crabtree, I advise you to make
 the best on't; there are Helps to be had you know.

Hel. Aye, and Helps I will have, or it shall cost me
 a Fall.

Vio. You mean it will cost you a Fall if you have.

Hel. Go, you are a sad Woman, you will make
 one laugh [*smiling*] but still this does me no good;
 well, I must e'en hang out a Bill, Lodgings to be let.

S O N G

73 The Humours of the Court :

SONG XXIV. Tune, Good Lord Frog.

*I am a pretty Sprightly Mouse,
Crockledum hi, Crockledum ho,
And have a very pretty House;
Cocky may cany she,
Which my good Man can't Occupy,
Wherefore I want a new Supply,
Quick brisk Tenants come and try.
Tweedledum, tweedle, twee.*

*You shall sit at an easy Rent,
Crockledum, &c.*

*So you repair the Tenement,
Cocky, &c.*

*The Rooms I fancy will you please,
For then you may stretch out at Ease,
Come then quickly, come like Bees.*

Tweedledum, tweedle, twee.

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